

Daniel Ellsberg
1700 Main Street
Santa Monica, California 90406

December 3, 1968

Miss Janet Pilgrim
Playboy Reader Service
Playboy Building
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Dear Miss Pilgrim:

Please advise me where in the Santa Monica/Los Angeles area I
can buy Pincus Brothers-Maxwell (PBM) clothes, specifically, the
Nehru Jacket pictured on page 187 in your October issue of Playboy.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Daniel Ellsberg

1700 Main Street
Chicago, Illinois 60601

February 1, 1963

Miss Jane T. Smith
1700 Main Street
Chicago, Illinois 60601

Dear Miss Smith:

Please advise me where to send my copy of the book
and the other materials (TSM) please, and I will
return the book to you on or before the date of delivery.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

John F. Kennedy

PBM? VERY!



Hail and rejoice! We of PBM fathered (or, at least, godfathered) the new liberation of men from their fashion bonds—and we're glad we did! Conventional models and fabrics are being put aside—and men look the better for it. Witness: our shaped six-button DB model. As well as its worthy companion—our green corduroy weekend suit. Is that PBM? Very! 187

Pincus Brothers-Moswell, 1250 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C. 10020
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sounds that transport over the city. A shout. And listen, a strange answer. Some nighttime philosopher advising himself. To avoid hunger perhaps and a treadmill day. Like the shadowy men standing inside the cathedral doors in all their silent poverty. Where do they go at night. And Bella said there they are on the benches and in winter they will lie on the Métro grating. To curl up in wait for another day. And the day Bella said let's, when I said why don't we go on a train. As we stood outside the building of the Légion d'Honneur as the sun shone down the Rue de Bellechasse. She made big eyes on the street and made me laugh. And said maybe we should take a picnic and never come back again. We two. Go in search of the holy grail. And we go. Don't we go. Into the great Gare d'Orsay. And I looked up at her flowing hair as all the eyes watched her trotting by. Searching wide eyed between the wondering citizens. Under the darkened glass roof and monstrous tiled walls. First stop St. Michel and through Gare d'Austerlitz. And when we got off the train at a town, any town. Brétigny. There were kids with a flag marching through the street. Blowing bugles and workmen putting up colored lights for a fete. When it started to rain. Houses shuttered up. And curtains elsewhere twitching. As we walked hand in hand down the street. And Bella said no holy grail I'm sure will be found, we are Balthazar in a most uninviting town. Would we ever live here. Yes with you. With you I would too. And back on the train in a carriage with three. Of gentlemen. Who stood and turned and sat and sniffed as Bella crossed her legs. And they said ah we are well fixed, I have just come out of the hospital and I am very well placed, to live just far enough outside Paris where it is country and close enough too. Each of them their eyes dropping on Bella's knees and looking when they could at her face. And when they left the carriage and in the corridor, one said my God if I were a young man what I wouldn't give to do what I could do to that one, and I Monsieur would not need to be young to do what I would do to that one. And we came back through the station and the urine smell. A man passed and said to Bella ah up there the unmarried employees live. And she said why tell me. Ah Mademoiselle because to have such beauty passing so close by I feel somehow that it is justice you should know. And we went to a restaurant up through the streets. Where she sat and I thought and thought of the men on the train what did they mean what they would do to that one. What would they do. And Bella let me have a full glass of wine. What would they do to you those men. O it's just talk, men never grow tired of

flattering themselves. We raced and all the way back up the stairs and in her room. And Bella is this what they do. When I put my hand here and feel your breast the way it swells up from the rest of you. And I don't know yet what you've got down there in your secret hair. Yes dearest it's what they would do. They would kiss me only I'm kissing you. They would grab me tight only I'm grabbing you. And they would do what I'm telling you. Come Balthazar on top of me. On top. Like them. And never would I want you to them. You're sweet and sweet. And my own loveliest little man of mine. Get between my legs. There. God it's hard. I'll guide you in. Don't worry, worry. O God there you are, there you are. O God Balthazar. You have it from me. And all the thoughts you knew you'd know. Of some strange accident happening to it there. In that place. Was it her. Like her face and teeth and hair. These speaking lips so close. Just step out of my brain and into her. And hello where's the holy grail. Lying rolling down in grass in all the sweet smell of hay and stop and stand up into a sky of chestnut blossoms. White white planets everywhere. Be. Have I done it right. Yes yes. O Bella Bella please it's coming out of me, coming out of me, hold me please. yes my dearest let it come. Bella do let me die. O please. And bleed away my blood. O Balthazar I won't let you die or bleed away all your blood. God I'm dying too. In all the nooks and crannies and shadows of the street. Torn back from bodies one wild and pale. Her hand bumping and counting on my spine. And put my fingers on the hard bone behind her tiny ear. Your face Bella has your eyes closed. And you smile all around your mouth. Everything now so still. Save another long cry from the street philosopher. In search of the holy grail. And you went back up on your shoulders and groaned and groaned. Bella it wasn't unhappy was it. No no not unhappy, you silly boy. I worried you were in pain, you went all so stiff and shook. Sweet that's the way it is when it happens, with happiness, happiness. Why then do you have tears in your eyes. I don't know why. Tell me why. Bella. You must. Tell me what you're crying and you are. And her eyebrows pointed out into the dark as she held up hands. Tips of fingers across brows, palms flat on her cheeks she held just her lips and nose. I knew she was crying. And try to lift her fingers. O please what's the matter Bella please tell me what's the matter. O Bella a kiss has happened to you, what have I here I love you so, I do I love you so much so and now I've done something. Faint speak and don't cry. Please speak. can't I can't. The mattress trembled slow